

## Topeka State Journal

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By FRANK P. MAC LENNAN.

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No doubt now about the Topeka Free Fair being the real thing in the agricultural exposition line. It is worthy in every way of the support of the state of Kansas, not only for its further development in the way of needed buildings and other improvements to the grounds, but also to tide it over the rainy days that may come along. And the probabilities are that the other agricultural states which have been in the state fair business on the right sort of a scale for many years, will get around to the free fair idea before many more years have passed.

One of the decidedly odd occasions to be observed within a few weeks at the Panama-California International Exposition, which is still doing business at its old stand in San Diego, is Nongammarian Day, when all persons more than ninety years old will be the special guests of the management. And at this time no less than fifteen persons of this age have signified their intentions to enjoy and have a part in the day. The chairman of the events for this day is 105 years old, and his vice chairman is 102. Both the secretary and treasurer are at the centennial mark, and the smaller details of the day will be looked after by younger guests between 90 and 100 years old. Incidentally, it's to be wondered how many, if any, of these huskies started their health a-going in the right direction for the longevity records they now hold in good old health-producing Kansas?

In view of his accomplishments in the Maine campaign, the proposed stamping tour of the west and as far as the Pacific coast that is being tentatively planned for Colonel Roosevelt, would, if he is able to undertake it, be the biggest campaign asset that the Republican party could annex.

Apparently other besides good things come slowly. Here the Democratic national convention transacted its business on the days of June 14 to 17 and Mr. Marshall was officially notified of his renomination as the Democratic party's vice presidential candidate until September 14, or three months later; and scarcely sufficiently long before the national election day to permit him to get a suitable wardrobe of campaign glad rags. But inasmuch as he picks up all the pins he needs on the sidewalks, he may be able to fasten his old clothes together in a good enough way to make a presentable appearance on the stump.

Among the things that can usually be depended upon to put in an appearance close to their customary scheduled time are the forest fires for which this country is so famous.

## LET'S HAVE BETTER PARENTS.

We note that Judge Pinckney, of Chicago, has traced four-fifths of the 22,000 bad-child cases that have come into the juvenile court there during his seven-year term to parental neglect or incompetence, says Collier's, and it adds: The fathers are the worst, and Judge Pinckney's notion of it is to thrash the father when the boy goes wrong. We prefer the idea now abroad in Des Moines and elsewhere of stirring up interest and enthusiasm in the whole father-and-son problem. This matter of helping the boys grow up has been altogether too much turned over to the schools, and it needs just the sort of non-professional intensive cultivation that the Iowa city "Better Fathers" clubs seem likely to provide. It is worth while to have the older men get together and compare notes as to the problems and progress of the younger generation. If a man's sons are not as interesting to him as his pigs or golf, he will drift away from them, and they from him. It is all a part of our modern overspecialization. A great many men in this country earn a decent living, but that is about all they bring to the family life. The boy is a baby or in school or out for himself, but seldom a close friend, seldom a member of the living

future, and his father hardly ever gets a glimpse of the joy and hope that there should be in the bond between them. Family prosperity can never make up for the want of those kindly relations which people of good will take pains to establish between themselves, and that of father and son should be among the closest and best.

## INDIAN CORN—THE GREATEST FOOD PRODUCT.

Corn is such a commonplace, ordinary sort of thing, and so uninteresting to people who are city bred and bred except when the corn crop in their immediate vicinity is blighted by a drought and their business suffers because of a scarcity of money among the corn farmers, that perhaps few of them realize how important a role it plays in the economic well-being of the United States.

Some of the more striking facts about corn, as brought out in an article by Edward Albee in the Bulletin of the Pan American-Union, may surprise many of them.

For instance, the United States produces three-fourths of the entire corn crop of the world. In 1915, this country's production amounted to 3,064,536,000 bushels, having a farm value of over \$1,755,860,000.

When it is stated, moreover, that if there is added the record-breaking value of the wheat crop of 1915, amounting to \$230,302,000, to the value of the big cotton crop of the same year, amounting to \$602,393,000, the sum of the two still lacks \$223,165,000 of reaching the value of the humble corn crop, some idea of the importance of the latter may be had.

The history of this great cereal is dealt with by the writer of the article in question, as well as its manifold uses as a food for man and beast, as the basis of beverages, and as an important factor in many kinds of manufactured products. Relative to its origin, Mr. Albee introduces the subject by a brief disquisition concerning man's teeth, which show that he is both carnivorous and granivorous, and he continues:

"Rub off the thin—mostly very thin—veneer of civilization and place him in the primitive environment of his remote ancestors, man will prove to be about the same animal. His elemental nature has undergone but little change. Doubtless, his brain has been developed and his mental machinery somewhat improved, but his complicated physical structure is but little altered. To keep that physical structure in good repair and to keep the entire human machine in a high state of efficiency, man has found that he needs a variety of food. As a consequence he has from time to time discovered new things that are 'good to eat,' things that contain the chemical elements in one form or another that he needs to replace the tissues of nerve, muscle, bone, and fat—the brain and brawn—that are wasted during his day of activity. Meat contains some of these elements, as do nuts and fruits, but the greatest foods, those upon which the greatest number of men depend, are the grains; and the greatest of all the grains, the one most recently made known to what we are pleased to call the 'civilized' world, is the one given to it by the Americas, viz., Indian corn, better known beyond the confines of the United States by the name of 'maize.' The spelling of the word varying somewhat in the several languages into which it has been incorporated.

"That maize was unknown to European, Asiatic, and African peoples before the discovery of America is now well established. Aside from the testimony of Humboldt, Darwin, and others, the matter of the origin of maize was finally settled by the celebrated botanist, Alphonse De Candolle, who, after sifting all the evidence, makes the statement in the revised 1882 edition of his 'Origin of Cultivated Plants' that 'Maize is of American origin, and has only been introduced into the Old World since the discovery of the New.'

"Just where in the Americas it originated is a mooted question. According to Condolle, at the time of the discovery of the new continent maize was one of the staples of its agriculture, from the La Plata valley to the United States. The natives planted it around their temporary dwellings where they did not form a fixed population. The burial mounds of the natives of North America who preceded those of our day, the tombs of the Incas—the catombas of Peru—contain ears or grains of maize, just as the monuments of ancient Egypt contain grains of barley, wheat, and millet seed. In Mexico a goddess who bore a name derived from that of maize corresponded to the Ceres of the Greeks, and the first fruits of the maize harvest were offered to her. At Cuzco the virgins of the sun offered the maize on the part of the sun offered them as a sacrifice. Nothing is better calculated to show the antiquity and generality of the cultivation of a plant than this intimate connection with the religious rites of the ancient inhabitants."

THE RUSSIA-JAPAN PACT.

To call the new convention an alliance is, perhaps, not quite correct, writes K. K. Kawakami, in the American Review of Reviews for September in an article entitled, "America and the Russo-Japanese Alliance." A treaty of alliance must provide mutual obligations on the part of the high contracting parties to render armed assistance to each other in case their respective interests are in danger. The new Russo-Japanese convention contains no such provision. Let the convention tell its own tale:

First, Japan will not become party to any arrangement or political combination directed against Russia. Russia will not become party to any arrangement or political combination directed against Japan. Second, in case the territorial rights or special interests in the Far East of one of the High Contracting Parties recognized by the other are menaced, Japan and Russia will act in concert on the measure to be taken in view of the support or co-operation necessary for the protection and defense of these rights and interests. This is the text of the laconic instrument. We have yet to see what Russia and Japan really mean by "support or co-operation." Does it simply mean a moral support, or is it another phrase for armed assistance? If the purpose of diplomacy be, as it has been too often in the past, to make a treaty capable of two constructions, the convention may be an entente cordiale or a downright alliance, according to the convenience or inconvenience of the high contracting parties. The most significant part of the convention lies in the wide application which it apparently permits. While it is obvious that the covenant aims chiefly to secure the respective interests of the contracting parties in Manchuria and Mongolia, its scope is not restricted to these two countries, but covers the entire Far East. Where are the wheat, cotton, and flax fields of such a comprehensive convention? Against what particular power or powers do Russia and Japan propose to protect their interests after the present war? In spite of the fatuous efforts of certain American publicists and newspapers to create the impression that the convention is directed against Germany, Japan fears that Germany, smarting under the surrender of Kiauchow, will let no opportunity pass unutilized to challenge Japan's political and commercial influence in China. At the peace conference that is to follow the war, Germany will employ every means to regain Kiauchow, which Japan promises to restore to China with the consent of the Powers. Should she fail to regain Kiauchow, she would by all means try to restore the Shantung railways now held by the Japanese. To forestall such eventualities it is of the foremost importance that Japan should enjoy the support not only of England but of Russia. As for the United States, neither Japan nor Russia fears her, the Japanese advocate of "preparedness" may endeavor to conjure up the bogie of an "American peril."

ON SPUR OF THE MOMENT  
BY ROY E. MOULTON.Grandma.  
She never was upon a like.  
No government did she defy.  
She never joined a hunger strike.  
But she knew how to make a pie.She never stormed about the polls.  
Nor joined a suffrage doing wild.  
She never smashed a plate glass front.  
But she knew how to rear a child.Her kingdom was her little home.  
A queen she was, by our consent.  
She reigned supreme nor cared to roam.  
Old-fashioned, maybe, but content.Uncle Abner says:  
It ain't no very hard to git rich so long as you earn plenty of money and never spend any.

Two can live as cheaply as one if they live with her folks and don't pay any board.

They say it costs twice as much to live nowadays as it did forty years ago. Well, by golly, it is worth about five times as much.

Tums says he doesn't go out mobile riding with everybody. No, indeed. They don't all ask him.

The fellow who gives the cheapest present is always the one who talks the most about it.

Hod Peters' wife belongs to so many lit'ry clubs that Hod hasn't had a suspender button that he could place any confidence in for nine years.

If every fellow would work as hard to hang on to his job as he does to get it back after he loses it, the batting average of efficiency in this country would jump about 100 per cent.

The brass bands with the flashiest uniforms generally make the music that is the hardest to listen to.

Everybody takes Turkish baths except the Turks. But instantly alive to his position, he sobered again.

Flahaven sprang up. "Laugh, blast you! We'll see who'll laugh. Do you think I'm going to have my daughter waste her time on a day laborer? Don't think because you happened to know that black sheep Jim Truesdale, who got you into the club, and because you happen to own a dress coat and can shuffle your feet, you are an eligible in society. Any fool can dance! You know why I don't discharge you. Because we're up against it for labor. That's why I got you on in the first place, with your experience, but if I catch you flirting with Viola again or so much as looking at her I'll not only discharge you, but blacklist you as well."

"May I ask something, Mr. Flahaven?" "What is it?" snarled the other. "Maybe I'm more of a gentleman than you think. I know appearances count, but here I'm a stranger, and won't you investigate? I'm not ashamed of my record and I wish you would look it over. My family is honest and I well thought of where I come from. Ask Jim Truesdale—he'll tell you about me."

"You're working in this mill—that's enough for me—and I don't care a hang who you are. I've made plans for my daughter and you won't have her talking to any one about you. You are a workman. Now get out!"

"But, Mr. Flahaven—" "Get out!" "You're sorry. I love Viola and she loves me!" flashed the young man. "Get out!" Almost mad with fury, the other sprang for Eric, but the door closed quickly behind him.

A notice to get his money and quit reached his department almost as soon as he did. "All right," he said cheerfully to the "boss," "Say, Tim, want to make a dollar?"

"Sure." "Go and bet Patsy O'Brien that I'll get the old man's goat in two weeks." "Aw, go on!" "Do as I tell you. Make it a hundred if you want. It's a sure thing!"

"That's not a bad bet," said by telephone, Viola met Eric at the gate of her father's premises.

"Hello, dearest girl!" he whispered cheerfully, drawing her close.

"I've been thinking of you," she said. "They'll miss me from the veranda so you'll have to hurry."

"I'm going away, dear, but I'm coming back soon. I've been discharged and I'm going to hunt more work. But, tell me first, do you really love me?"

"Forever—and you know it, Eric." "And you are willing to be poor and pack lunches for me, and have me come home black as a miner every night?"

"It will be a hard life, different from this. No money, maids nor ma's." "I'll get used to it." "You are the very dearest girl in the world. Now I must go. Good-bye without me." "Viola," said her father at breakfast, "I've discharged that young upstart Bailey and blacklisted him for impertinence."

"Father, you didn't do that," she gasped. "Yes, I did! I dared to tell me he loved you, and I once—never mind. I've discovered he has left town and I'm satisfied. He just thought he'd feather his nest by plucking me, but I've got him. I know, maids, let's talk of something else and forget him for good. Milly," addressing his wife, "I wish you would do something for me."

Mrs. Flahaven acquiesced with the celerity her husband always demanded in advance. "Yes, Archibald." "Give a party."

"Why, Arch—" "Yes, yes! I know you've been coaxing to do it for years. But it's business with me this time. Give a big one, bang up—go the limit. Rockwell, the president of the company, has asked that some of the bankers who own the plant are coming up for a couple of days. Have it then!"

"All right, Archibald. A dinner dance. That's just the thing." "And Viola, make the best of your opportunities!"

"Yes, father!" But poor Viola was white and miserable. Days passed, busy ones for everybody, wretched ones for Viola. One day she got a card from Mr. Flahaven's office rang. Rockwell asked him to come to a conference of officials at the hotel.

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## BENEATH THE STARS.

The stars shone in the upper air  
Glimmer through August haze dark  
and old.  
By dusty highways and the dusky gold  
Of ripened grain, as on we slowly fast.  
The topos-throated hummer, glimmering  
near.  
Pines himself overhead: the lilies hold  
Uplifted, each her chalice. Faint, the  
world.  
Further afield—hot, drowsy, dead to care.  
The clouds of life subduen us. Through  
the gloom  
Soft consolations soothe our weary  
way.  
High ecstasies of heaven, descending  
bright.  
Divinely touch us in the great star-  
blaze!  
The Wind Unseen impenetrates the  
night  
With sauciness of light and power and  
bloom.  
—Caroline D. Swan, in Springfield Re-  
publican.

## EVENING STORY

Getting the Old Man's Goat.  
(By Dean Herrick.)

Eric Bailey had been called up "on the carpet," and now stood cap in hand listening to Archibald Flahaven's tirade. Sometimes his fingers twitched, but other than that he gave no sign that the words were making any impression.

Flahaven pounded his desk and his apoplectic face took on an alarming color. "Away!" he bellowed. "I want you to let Viola alone."

So that was it! Eric had suspected as much. It wasn't the number of steel rails that had been scrapped after all that was causing this tempest in the general manager's brain. That was only an excuse for the outburst. His hand clenched, then relaxed and an amused smile curled the corners of his lips. But instantly alive to his position, he sobered again.

Flahaven sprang up. "Laugh, blast you! We'll see who'll laugh. Do you think I'm going to have my daughter waste her time on a day laborer? Don't think because you happened to know that black sheep Jim Truesdale, who got you into the club, and because you happen to own a dress coat and can shuffle your feet, you are an eligible in society. Any fool can dance! You know why I don't discharge you. Because we're up against it for labor. That's why I got you on in the first place, with your experience, but if I catch you flirting with Viola again or so much as looking at her I'll not only discharge you, but blacklist you as well."

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He was shown to a room where chairs were arranged around a big mahogany table, but only one of which was occupied.

"How many are there of you, sir?" "I had a curious experience the other day," said the light-fingered man. "I was in a big Sixth avenue store when the whole electric apparatus went wrong and all the different departments became as black as pitch."

"My word!" said a former confederate. "What a bit of luck. What did you do?" "Nothing," said the light-fingered man. "I happened to be in the piano department."

"Salvation is free!" exclaimed the evangelist.

"Huh! I guess you never stacked up against a church fair, did you?" demanded the victim in the back row.

## HE ALWAYS GETS THE SAME PARTNER



## HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Safety Belt for Baby's High Chair.  
Make a band about one and one-quarter yards long and two inches wide of strong white material, using several thicknesses stitched together. Tack one end under center front of chair seat, bring up to baby's waistline, cut off. Take remaining piece and put around baby's waist through safety pin or other secure fastening at back.

Stitch band that comes up between the legs of the belt and you have a safe and secure fastening. Baby can neither rise up on his feet nor slide under the shelf.

Care of Hair Ribbons.  
To keep hair ribbons fresh looking, wind them, when not in use, around a smooth glass bottle, fastening the ends with pins to keep in place till wanted. Little girls who ruin many hair ribbons by not taking care of them will find this a good way to make them last longer.

To Wash Hair Ribbons to look like new. Wash ribbons with a good white soap in warm water. Rinse in blueing water to which one-half teaspoon starch has been added. Iron with a steam-iron.

The Table.  
Fish Grape Jelly—Be careful not to use too ripe grapes. It is better to have them a little green. Stem, wash and put in the double boiler, cooking over boiling water until the grapes pop and can be mashed. Turn into the jelly bag and let drip all night, but do not press the bag or your jelly will be muddy. In the morning

Baked Cabbage—Boil a firm head for fifteen minutes, then change the water for more boiling water; boil till tender, drain and set aside to cool. Mince some boiled ham, mix with bread crumbs, add pepper, one tablespoon butter, two eggs well beaten, and three tablespoons milk. Chop cabbage very fine, mix all together, and bake in a pudding dish.

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## DINNER STORIES

A colored man employed by an Atlanta merchant was found to be short in his market book accounts, and was accordingly asked to resign. He blamed the grocer, claiming that he had tampered with the book.

Whereupon the employer remonstrated further, saying: "The account seems to be all right. Tom; figures don't lie." "Ah, kum, sah," said Tom, "but liars do figger, dat's shore."

Once a serious-minded young man sought out the father of the girl of his choice with the announcement that he hoped the father would place no obstacle in the way of their marriage.

The old man scowled at the young one for a moment or so, and then smiled out.

"So you want to marry my daughter, eh?" "Yes, sir," said the serious-minded young man, looking more solemn than ever.

"Can you support a family?" asked the father, searching the youth's face narrowly.

The latter reflected a moment and then asked: "How many are there of you, sir?"

"I had a curious experience the other day," said the light-fingered man. "I was in a big Sixth avenue store when the whole electric apparatus went wrong and all the different departments became as black as pitch."

"My word!" said a former confederate. "What a bit of luck. What did you do?" "Nothing," said the light-fingered man. "I happened to be in the piano department."

"Salvation is free!" exclaimed the evangelist.

## BED TIME TALES